A WIFE.

NOW

THE WIDOW

OF

SIR THO: OVERBURIE

Being

A most exquisite and singular Poeme,
of the choyse of a Wife.

WHEREVNTO ARE ADDED
many witty Characters, and concey-
ted Newes, written by himselfe,
and other learned Gentle-
men his Friendes.

Dignum laude virum Musa vetat mori,
Cœlo Musa beat. Hor: car: lib. 3.

The fift Impression, enlarged with more Characters,
than any of the former Æditions.

LONDON,
Printed by T. C. for *Laurence Lisle*, and are
to be sold in *Paules Chur-chyard*, at the
Tygres-head. 1614.

BRITISH MUSEUM

THE PRINTER TO the Reader.

Thy ignorance may challenge libertie enough, not to reliſh the deepe Arte of Poetry: becauſe opinion makes thee obſtinate; and rude Tradition hath taught thee nothing but an abuſe of knowledge. For when thou readeſt a quaffing fellowes barbariſme, a worthy-written ſtile, in Tragedies, and a concluſiue flouriſh onely fronted with the name excellent; thou ouer-lookſt them all with the vſuall contempt, or aſpertion of friuolous, and phantaſticke labours; putting no difference betwixt the horſe pictured on a Signe-poſt, and the curious limbd *Pegaſus*: But the age giues one comfort in extremitie, That as there is a *Lizard* which aſſailes; ſo is there one, which wonders at the maieſty of man: Sure I am, if any ſhall neglect, nay not commend the worth of this ſo generally approued Poeme; he may (if it proceeds from nice critiſciſme) be well excluded, as a churliſh [illegible] to the *Muſes*; (if from a direct [illegible] dealing) hee muſt be degraded for inſufficiencie. For had ſuch a volume bene extant among the ancient *Romanes*, though they wanted our eaſy conſeruations of wit, by *Printing*; yet would they rather, and more eaſily, haue committed the ſenſe hereof

to Braſſe, and *Cedar* leaues, then let ſuch an Author, haue loſt his due eternitie. If to conuerſe with a creature ſo amiable, here deſcribed, be thought more then difficult, let then the contemplation of it bee admirable; which hath expreſſed the ſoule, in ſo compact a forme of body. The ſurpluſage, that now exceedes the laſt Edition, was (that I may bee honeſtly impartiall) in ſome things onely to be challenged by the firſt Author, but others now added, (little inferiour to the reſidue) being in nature anſwerable, and firſt tranſcrib'd by Gentlemen of the ſame qualitie, I haue vpon good inducements, made publike with warrantie of theyr and my owne credit. Not doubting therefore to be doubly diſcharged, both by the verdict of conſcience, and the well-deſerued thankes of all iudicious Readers, I bid you euery one farewell; Auguſt, 24. 1614.

A MORNING SACRIFICE
to the Author.

THe onely curſe or bleſſing that betides
To men, (made doubtfull) by their beauteous brides,
Could neuer (being apparent) ſatisfie
The full enioyer, with ſatietie
Of confidence, to call them good, or bad,
So much; as this good worke (which chiefly had
A faire creation, to create a new
The ſoule of ſome, and to confirme ſome few)
Hath reſcued ſhameleſſe iudgement from the ſuit
Of meere opinion, and ſpeakes abſolute.
This widdow booke then, wife to rauiſh'd skill,
Married and made by the moſt maiden quill
Of one, not loſt to her, though ſhe to him,
Hath leaue to liue thus ſingle; richly trim,
Yet neuer to be challeng'd; being ſo chaſt
In puritie, and not to be imbrac't
Without the reuerence of her wedlocks loue;
Which when thou ſeem'ſt vnwilling to approue
Scorne a compleat faire woman; and ſo grudge
Becauſe thou haſt no libertie to iudge.
Nor, let the glorious confidence preſume
To make this Lady plyant, through perfume
Of powdred phraſe, and robes, or complement;
For though no pilgrimage thy learning went
In queſt of ſuch a wonder, yet thy paines
Were loſt, although thy lab'ring ſuit obtaines:
For woman (in the abſtract) hath no more
Then hath the wife, the widdow, maiden, whore,
And altogether; therefore thou haſt none,
Except thy labours purchaſe ſuch a one:
Which (to haue ſaid) they all agreed in *Eue*
Is all enough; if a iealous man beleeue.

By *I. S. Lincolnienſis*, Gentleman.

Briefe Panegyrickes to the *Authors prayſe.*

To the Booke.

EXpos'd to all, thou wilt leſſe worthy ſeeme
I feare: Wiues common, all men diſeſteeme;
Yet ſome things haue a differing Fate: ſome fret
We doubt in wares which are in corners ſet:
Hid *Medals* ruſt, which being vs'd grow bright;
The Day more friendeth vertue then the night. (good,
Thou though more common, then maiſt ſeeme more
I onely wiſh thou maiſt be vnderſtood.

G. R.

TO make a Wife of Wit, or meere Phyloſophie,
And deck her vp with flowers of ſweeteſt poeſie,
Isno hard taske, but ſuch a one of fleſh to finde,
Would weary all the wits and bodies of mankinde:
Since worſe muſt ſerue the turne, then men muſt be con-
To take ſuch as they finde, not ſuch as they inuent. (tent

T. B.

WEll haſt thou ſaide, that Women ſhould be ſuch;
And were they that, had but a third as much
I would be Married too: but that I know
Now what ſhee is, but ſhould bee thou doeſt ſhow:
So let me praiſe thy worke, and let my life
Be ſingle, or thy Widdow be my Wife.

X. Z.

Of the choise of a Wife.

IF I were to chuſe a Woman,
As who knowes but I may marry,
I would truſt the eye of no man
Nor a tongue that may miſcarry:
For in way of loue and glory
Each tongue beſt tells his owne ſtorie.

Firſt to make my choice the bolder
I would haue her childe to ſuch
Whoſe free vertuous liues are older
Then antiquitie can touch,
For tis ſeldome ſeene that blood
Giues a beauty great and good.

Yet an ancient ſtocke may bring
Branches I confeſſe of worth,
Like rich mantles ſhadowing
Thoſe deſcents that brought them forth.
Yet ſuch hils though gilded ſhow
Sooneſt feele the age of ſnow.

Therefore to preuent ſuch care
That repentance ſoone may bring,
Like Merchants I would chuſe my ware,
Vſe-full good, *not glittering.*
He that weds for ſtate or face,
Buyes a horſe to looſe a race.

Yet I would haue her faire as any,
But her owne not kiſt away:
I would haue her free to many
Looke on all like equall day,
But deſcending to the Sea,
Make her ſet with none but me.

If ſhe be not tall tis better,
For that word, A goodly woman,
Prints it ſelfe in ſuch a letter
That it leaues vnſtudied no man;
I would haue my miſtreſſe grow
Onely tall to anſwere no.

Yet

Yet I would not haue her loose
So much breeding as to fling
Vnbecomming scorne on those
That must worship euery thing.
Let her feare loose lookes to scatter,
And loose men will feare to flatter.

Children I would haue her beare
More for loue of name then bed,
So each childe I haue is heire
To another maidenhead;
For she that in the act's afraid
Euery night's another maide.

Such a one as when shee's wood
Blushes not for ill thoughts past,
But so innocently good
That her dreames are euer chaste;
For that Maide that thinks a sin
Has betraid the fort shee's in.

In my visitation still
I would haue her scatter feares,
How this man, and that was ill;
After protestations teares;
And who vowes a constant life
Crownes a meritorious wife.

When the Priest first giues our hands,
I would haue her thinke but thus:
In what high and holy bands
Heauen, like twins, hath planted vs,
That like Aarons *rod together*
Both may bud, grow greene, and wither.

FINIS.

THE METHOD.

First of Mariage, and the effect thereof, Children. Then of his contrary, Lust; *then for his choise. First, his opinion negatiuely, what should not bee: the first causes in it, that is, neither* Beauty, Birth, *nor* Portion. *Then affirmatiuely, what should be, of which kind there are foure:* Goodnesse, Knowledge, Discretion, *and as a second thing* Beauty. *The first only is absolutely good, the other being built upon the first doe likewise become so. Then the application of that woman by loue to himselfe, which makes her a wife. And lastly the only condition of a wife,* Fitnesse.

A WIFE.

EAch Woman is a *briefe* of Woman-kind,
And doth in little euen as much containe;
As, in one Day and Night, all life we find,
Of either, More, is but the same againe,
God fram'd Her so, that to her *Husband*, She,
As *Eue*, should all the *World of Women* be.

So fram'd he *Her*, that *neither* power he gaue,
Vse of themselues, but by *exchange*, to make:
Whēce in their Face the *Eyes* no pleasure haue,
But by *reflexe* of what thence *other* take:
Our Lips in their owne Kisse no pleasure find,
Toward their proper Face, our Eies are blind.

So God in *Eue* did *perfit* Man, *begun*,
Till then, in vaine much of himselfe he had,
In *Adam* God created onely *one*,
Eue, and the *world to come*, in *Eue* he made;
We are *two halues*, whiles each from other straies,
Both barren are; *ioyn'd both* their *like* can raise.

At first both *Sexes* were in *Man* combin'de,
Man, a *Shee-man* did in his body breede;
Adam was *Eues*, *Eue* Mother of Mankinde,
Eue from *Liue-flesh*, Man did from *Dust* proceede,
One thus made *two*, *Marriage* doth re-vnite,
And makes them both but *one Hermaphrodite*.

Man did but the *well-being* of his life
From *woman* take, her *Being* she from *Man*,
And therefore *Eue* created was a Wife,
And at the end of all, her *Sex* began:
Marriage their obiect is; their *Being* then,
And now *Perfection*, they receiue from *Men*.

Marriage, to all, whose ioyes *two parties* be,
And *doubled* are by being *parted* so,
Wherein the very *act* is Chastity,
Whereby *two Soules* into *one Body* goe,
It makes *two one* whiles heere they liuing be,
And after death in their *Posteritie*.

God to *each Man a priuate Woman* gaue,
That in that *Center* his *desires* might stint,
That he a *comfort like himselfe* might haue,
And that on her *his like* he might *imprint*.
Double is Womans *vse*, part of their end
Doth on *this Age*, part on the *next* depend.

We are but *part of Time*, yet cannot dye,
Till we the world a *fresh supply* haue lent,
Children are Bodies sole *Eternitie*;
Nature is *Gods*, *Art* is *Mans* instrument.
Now all *Mans Art* but onely dead things makes,
But heerein *Man* in things of *life* partakes.

For

For wandring *Luſt*; I know tis infinite
It ſtill *begins*, and addes not more to more,
The *guilt* is euerlaſting, the *delight*,
This inſtant doth not feele of *that* before.
The *taſte* of it is onely in the *Senſe*,
The *operation*, in the *Conſcience*.

Woman is not *Luſts bounds*, but *Woman-kind*,
One is *Lones number*, who from that doth fall,
Hath loſt his hold, and no *new reſt* ſhall find,
Vice hath no meane, but not to be at all;
A *Wife* is that *enough*, *Luſt* cannot finde,
For *Luſt* is ſtill with *want*, or *too much pride*.

Bate *luſt* the Sin, my ſhare is eu'n with his,
For *Not to luſt*, and *to Enioy* is one:
And More or Leſſe paſt, *equall* Nothing is,
I ſtill haue *one*, Luſt *one at once* alone:
And though the Woman often changed be,
Yet Hee's the ſame without varietie.

Marriage our *luſt* (as twere with fuell fire)
Doth, with a medicine *of the ſame*, allay;
And not *forbid*, but *rectifie deſire*.
My ſelfe I cannot chuſe, *my Wife* I may:
And in the choyce of *Her*, it much doth lie,
To mend my ſelfe in my Poſterity.

O rather let me *Loue*, then *be in loue*;
So let me chuſe as *Wife* and *Friend* to finde.
Let me forget her *Sex* when I *approue*,
Beaſts likewiſe lies in *ſhape*, but *ours* in *minde*:
Our *Soules no Sexes* haue, their Loue is cleane,
No *Sex*, both in the *better part* are *Men*.

But Phyſicke for our *luſt* their *Bodies* be,
But matter fit to ſhew your *Loue* vpon,
But onely *Shells* for our *poſteritie*,
Their ſoules were giu'n leſt man ſhould be alone;
For, but the *Soules Interpreters, words* be,
Without which *Bodies* are no Company.

That *goodly frame* we ſee of Fleſh and blood,
Their *Faſhion* is, not *weight*, it is I ſay
But their *Laye-part*, but well digeſted food;
Tis but twixt *Duſt and Duſt, Life's middle way*:
The worth of it is nothing that is *ſeene*,
But onely that it holds a *Soule* within.

And all the carnall *Beautie* of my Wife,
Is but skin-deep, but to *two Senſes* knowne;
Short euen of Pictures, ſhorter liu'd then Life,
And yet ſuruiues the *loue* that's built thereon:
For our *Imagination* is too high,
For *Bodies* when they meet to ſatisfie.

All Shapes, all Colours are *alike* in *Night*,
Nor doth our *Touch* diſtinguiſh *foule or faire*:
But mans *imagination*, and his *ſight*;
And thoſe, but the firſt weeke, by Cuſtome are
Both made alike, which differed at *firſt view*;
Nor can that difference, *Abſence* much renew.

Nor can that *Beauty* lying in the *Face*,
But meerely by *imagination* be
Enioy'd by vs in an *inferior place*.
Nor can that *Beauty* by *enioying we*
Make *ours become*, ſo our *deſire* growes tame:
We changed are, but it remaines the ſame.

Birth,

Byrth, lesse then *Beauty*, shall my *Reason* blinde,
Her *Byrth* goes to my *Children*, not to me.
Rather had I that *actiue Gentry* finde,
Vertue, then *passiue* from her Auncestry;
Rather in *her aliue*, one vertue see,
Then all the rest dead in her *Pedigree*.

In the Degrees, high rather be she plac't,
Of *Nature* then of *Art* and *Policie*,
Gentry is but a *relique* of Time-past,
And *Loue* doth onely but the *present* see;
Things were first made, then *words*: She were the (*same*,
With, or *without*, *that title*, or that name.

As for (the oddes of Sexes) *Portion*;
Nor will I shun it, nor my ayme it make.
Byrth, *Beautie*, *Wealth*, are nothing worth alone,
All these I would for *good Additions* take,
Not for *Good Parts*; those *two* are ill combind,
Whom any *third* thing frō *themselues* hath ioynd.

Rather then these, the obiect of my *Loue*
Let it be *Good*, when these with vertue go,
They (in themselues *indifferent*,) vertues proue.
For *Good* (like Fire) turnes all things to be so.
Gods Image, in Her *Soule*, ô let me place
My *Loue* vpon; not *Adams* in Her *Face*.

Good, is a fairer attribute then *White*,
Tis the *Minde*, *Beauty* keeps the *other* sweet:
That's not still one, nor mortall with the light,
Nor glasse, nor painting can it counterfet,
Shees truely fayre, whose *Beautie* is *vnseene*
Like *Heau'n* faire *sightward*, but more faire *within*.

By *Good* I would haue *Holy* vnderstood,
So *God* Shee cannot loue, but also *mee*
The law requires our *words*, and *deeds* be good,
Religion euen the *Thoughts* doth sanctifie:
And she is *more a Maide* which *rauish't* is
Then She which onely doth but *wish amisse*.

Lust onely by *Religion* is withstood,
Lusts obiect is aliue, his strength within,
Moralitie resists but in *colde blood*,
Respect of *Credit* feareth *shame* not *sin*.
But no place *darke enough* for such offence
She findes, that's *watcht* by her owne *Conscience*.

Then may I *trust Her Bodie* with her *Minde*,
And, thereupon secure, neede neuer know
The pangs of *Iealousie*: and *Loue* doth finde
More paine to *doubt* her false, then *know* her so:
For *Patience* is of euils that are knowne,
The certaine Remedy; but *Doubt* hath none.

And be that thought *once* stir'd, twill neuer die,
Nor will the griefe more milde by custome proue;
Nor yet *Amendment* can it satisfie,
The *Anguish* more or lesse, is *as our Loue*:
This miserie doth *Iealousie* ensue,
That we may proue her *false*, but cannot *True*.

Suspition may the will of *Lust* restraine,
But *Good* preuents from hauing such a *will*,
A *Wife* that's *Good*, doth *Chaste and more* containe,
For *Chaste* is but an *Abstinence* from ill:
And in a *Wife* that's *Bad*; although the *best*
Of qualities; yet in a *Good* the *least*.

To

To barre the meanes is *Care*, not *Iealousie*.
Some *lawfull* things to be auoyded are,
When, they *occasion* of *vnlawfull* be.
Lust ere it hurts, is best descride a farre.
Lust is a sinne *of two*; hee that is sure
Of *either* part, may be of *both* secure.

Giue me next *Good*, an *vnderstanding Wife*,
By Nature *wise*, not *Learned* by much Art,
Some *Knowledge* on Her side will all my life
More scope of conuersation impart,
Besides, Her inborne vertue fortifie,
They are most firmely good, that best know why.

A *passiue vnderstanding* to conceiue,
And *Iudgement* to discerne, I wish to finde,
Beyond that, all as hazardous I leaue,
Learning and *pregnant wit* in Woman-kinde,
What it findes malleable maketh fraile,
And doth not adde more *Ballaste*, but more *Saile*.

Bookes are a part of Mans prerogatiue,
In formall Incke they *Thoughts* and *Voyces* hold,
That wee to them our solitude may giue,
And make *Time-present* trauaile that of *old*.
Our Life, *Fame* peeceth longer at the end,
And *Bookes* it farther backward doe extend.

Domesticke Charge doth best that *Sexe* befit,
Contiguous businesse, so to fixe the Minde,
That *Leasure* space for *Fancies* not admit:
Their *Leasure* tis corrupteth *Woman-kinde*,
Else being plac'd from many vices free,
They had to Heau'n a shotter cut then wee.

As *good*, and *knowing*, let her be *Discreet*.
That to the others *weight*, doth *Fashion* bring,
Discretion doth consider what is *Fit*,
Goodnesse but what is *lawfull*, but the *Thing*
Not *Circumstances*; *Learning* is and *wit*,
In Men but *curious folly without it*.

To keepe their Name when t'is in others hands
Discretion askes, theyr *Credit* is by faire
More *fraile* then *They*, on likely-hoods it stands,
And hard to be disproou'd, *Lust's, slanders* are.
Theyr *Carriage*, not theyr *Chastitie* alone,
Must keepe their *Name* chast from *suspition*.

Womens *Behauiour* is a surer barre
Then is theyr *Nat*: *That* fairely doth *deny*
Without *denying*, *thereby* kept they are
Safe, eu'n from *Hope*; in part to blame is she,
Which hath *without consent* bin onely tride;
He comes too *neere*, that comes *to be deuide*.

Now since a *Woman* wee to *Marrie* are,
A *Soule* and *Bodie*, not a *Soule* alone;
When one is *Good*, then be the other *Faire*,
Beauty is *Health*, and *Beautie* both in one,
Be she so faire as change can yeeld no gaine,
So faire, as Shee most Women else containe.

At least so Faire let me imagine Her,
That thought to me is *Truth*; *Opinion*
Cannot in matter of *opinion* erre;
With no *Eyes* shall I see her but *mine owne*,
And as my *Fancy Her* conceiues to bee,
Euen such my Sences both, do *Feele*, and *See*.

The

The *Face* we may the ſeate of *Beauty* call,
In it the reliſh of the reſt doth lye,
Nay eu'n a figure of the *Minde* withall:
And of the *Face* the *Life* moues in the *Eye*;
No things elſe being *two* ſo like we ſee,
So like, that they *two* but in Number bee.

Beauty in *decent ſhape*, and *Colours* lies,
Colours the *matter* are, and *ſhape* the *Soule*;
The *Soule* which from no ſingle part doth riſe,
But from the iuſt proportion of the *whole*,
And is a meere *ſpirituall harmonie*,
Of eue'ry part vnited in the *Eye*.

Loue is a kinde of *Superſtition*,
Which feares the Idol which it-ſelf hath fram'd,
Luſt a Deſire, which rather from his *owne*
Temper, then from the *obiect* is enflam'd;
Beauty is Loues *obiect*, *Woman* Luſt's, to gaine
Loue, Loue Deſires, *Luſt* only to *obtaine*.

No circumſtance doth *Beauty* beautifie,
Like graceſull *Faſhion*, natiue *Comelineſſe*,
Nay eu'n gets pardon for *Deformitie*;
Art cannot it beget, but may encreaſe,
When *Nature* had fixt *Beauty* perfect made,
Something ſhe left for *Motion* to adde.

But let that *Faſhion* more to *Modeſtie*
Tend, then *Aſſurance*; *Modeſtie* doth ſet
The face in his iuſt place, from *Paſſions* free,
Tis both the *Mindes*, and *Bodies Beautie* met;
But *Modeſtie*; no vertue can we ſee;
That is the Faces only *Chaſtitie*.

Where *goodnes* failes, twixt ill and ill *that* ſtands;
Whence tis that *women* though they weaker be,

And their desires more strong, yet on their hands
The *Chastitie* of *men* doth often lie:
Lust would more common be then any one,
Could it like other sinnes be done *alone*.

All these *good parts* a *Peelfect woman* make,
Adde *Loue* to me, they make a *Perfect Wife*.
Without her *Loue*, Her *Beautie* should I take,
As that of *Pictures*, dead, *That* giues it life?
Till then Her *Beautie* like the Sunne doth shine
Alike to all; *That* makes it only *mine*.

And of that *Loue*, let *Reason Father* bee,
And *Passion Mother*; let it from the one
His *Being* take, the other his *Degree*;
Selfe-loue (which second Loues are built vpon,)
Will make *me* (if not *Her*) her *Loue* respect;
No Man but fauours his owne worths effect.

As *Good*, and *wise*, so be she *Fit* for mee,
That is, To *will*, and *Not to will* the same,
My *Wife* is my *Adopted-selfe*, and Shee
As Mee, so what I loue, to Loue must frame.
For when by Mariage both in one concurre,
Woman conuerts to Man, not Man to her.

FINIS.

The Authors Epitaph.

THe Span of my daies measur'd, heere I rest,
That is my body; but my soule his gueſt
Is hence ascended, whether, neither Time,
Nor Faith, nor Hope, but onely loue can clime;
Where being now inlightned, Shee doth know
The Truth of all men argue of below:
Onley this dust doth here in Pawne remaine,
That when the world dissolues shee come againe.

CHA-

CHARACTERS,

OR

Wittie Deſcriptions of the properties of ſundrie Perſons.

A good Woman.

A Good Woman is a comfort, like a Man. She lackes of him nothing but heat. Thence is her ſweetnes of diſpoſition, which meets his ſtoutnes more pleaſantly; ſo wooll meets yron eaſier then yron, and turnes reſiſting into embracing. Her greateſt learning is religion, and her thoughts are on her owne *Sexe*, or on men, without caſting the difference. *Diſhoneſtie* neuer comes neerer than her eares, and then wonder ſtops it out, and ſaues vertue the labour. She leaues the neat *youth* telling his *luſtious* tales, and puts backe the *Seruingmans* putting forward with a frowne: yet her kindneſſe is free enough to be ſeene; for it hath no guilt about it: and her mirth is cleare, that you may looke through it, into vertue, but not beyond. She hath not behauiour at a certaine, but makes it to her occaſion. She hath ſo much knowledge as to loue it, and if ſhe haue it not at home, ſhe will fetch it; for this ſome-

times in a pleaſant diſcontent ſhe dares chide her *Sexe*, though ſhe vſe it neuer the worſe. She is much within, and frames outward things to her minde, not her minde to them. She weares good clothes, but neuer-better; for ſhe findes no degree beyond *Decencie*. She hath a content of her owne, and ſo ſeekes not a husband, but finds him. She is indeed moſt, but not much to deſcription, for ſhe is direct and one, and hath not the varietie of ill. Now ſhe is giuen freſh and aliue to a husband, and ſhe doth nothing more than loue him, for ſhe takes him to that purpoſe. So his good becomes the buſineſſe of her actions, and ſhe doth her ſelfe kindneſſe vpon him. After his, her chiefeſt vertue is a good husband. For *Shee* is *Hee*.

A Very very Woman.

A *Very very Woman*, is a dow-bakt man, or a She ment well towards man, but fell the two bowes ſhort *ſtrength* and *vnderſtanding*. Her vertue is the hedge of *Modeſtie*, that keepes a man from clyming ouer into her faults. She ſimpers as if ſhe had no teeth, but lips, and ſhe deuides her eyes and keepes halfe for her ſelfe, and giues th'other to her neat *Youth*. Being ſet downe ſhe caſts her face into a platforme, which dureth the meale, and is taken away with the voyder. Her draught reacheth to good manners, not to thirſt, and it is a part of their miſterie not to profeſſe hunger; but *Nature* takes her in priuate and ſtretcheth her vpon meat. She is *Marigeable* and *Fourteene* at once; and after ſhe doth not liue but tarry. She reads ouer her face euery morning, and ſometimes blots out pale, & writes red. She thinks ſhe is faire, though many times her opinió goes alone, & ſhe loues her glaſſe,

glasse, and the knight of the *Sunne* for lying. Shee is hid away all but her face, and that's hang'd about with toyes and deuices, like the signe of a Tauerne, to drawe *Strangers*. If shee shewe more, shee preuents desire, and by too free-giuing, leaues no *Gift*. Shee may escape fram the Seruing-man, but not from the Chambermayde. Shee commits with her eares for certaine, after that shee may goe for a Mayde, but she hath been lyen within her vnderstanding. Her *Philosophie* is a seeming neglect of those, that bee too good for her. Shee's a younger brother for her portion, but not for her portion of wit, that comes from her in a treble, which is still too big for it; yet her *Vanitie* seeldome matcheth her, with one of her owne degree, for then shee will beget another creature a begger, and commonly, if she marrie better, she marryes worse. She gets much by the simplicitie of her Sutor, and for a ieast, laughes at him without one. Thus shee dresses a Husband for her selfe, and after takes him for his patience, and the land adioyning, yee may see it, in a Seruingmans fresh *Naperie*, and his Leg steps into an vnknowne stocking. I neede not speake of his *Garters*, the tassell shewes it selfe. If shee loue, shee loue, she loues not the Man but the beast of him. Shee is *Salomons* cruell creature, and a mans Walking-consumption: euery cawdle shee giues him, is a purge. Her chiefe commendation is, shee brings a man to repentance.

Her next part.

Her lightnesse gets her to swim at top of the Table, where her wry little finger bewrayes *carung*; her neighbours at the latter ende, know they are welcome, and for that purpose shee quenchath her thyrst. Shee trauels to and among, and so becomes a woman of good entertainment, for all the follie in the country,

comes in cleane Linnen to visite her; shee breakes to them her griefe in Sugar cakes, and receiues from their mouthes in exchange, manie stories that conclude to no purpose. Her eldest Sonne is like her howsoeuer, and that dispraiseth him best: her vtmost drift, is to turne him Foole, which commonly shee obtaines at the yeares of discretion. Shee takes a iourney sometimes to her Neeces house, but neuer thinkes beyond *London*. Her *Deuotion* is good clothes, they carrie her to Church, expresse their stuffe and fashion, and are silent; if shee be more deuout, shee lifts vp a certaine number of eyes, in stead of prayers, and takes the Sermon and measures out a nap by it, iust as long. Shee sends Religion afore to *Sixtie*, where shee neuer ouertakes it, or driues it before her againe. Her most necessarie instruments, are a *waiting Gentle-woman*, and a *Chamber-mayde*; shee weares her Gentle-woman still, but most often leane th'other in her Chamber window. Shee hath a little *Kennell* in her lap, and shee smells the sweeter for it. The vtmost reach of her *Prouidence*, is the fatnesse of a Capon, and her greatest enuie, is the next Gentle-womans better gowne. Her most commendable skill, is to make her Husbands fustian beare her Veluet. This shee doth many times ouer, and then is deliuered to olde Age and a Chaire, where euery body leaues her.

A Dissembler

IS an essence needing a double definition, for hee is not that hee appeares. Vnto the eye hee is pleasing, vnto the eare not harsh, but vnto the vnderstanding intricate, and full of windings: hee is the *prima materia*, and his intents giue him forme: hee dieth his meanes and his meaning into two colours, hee baytes craft with humilitie, and his countenance is the picture of the present

disposition. Hee winnes not by battry, but vndermining, and his racke is soothing. He allures, is not allur'd by his affections, for they are the brokers of his observation. He knowes passion onely by sufferance, and resisteth by obeying. Hee makes his time an accomptant to his memorie, and of the humors of men weaues a net for occasion; the inquisitor must looke through his iudgement, for to the eye onely he is not visible.

A Courtier

TO all mens thinking is a man, and to most men the finest: all things else are defined by the vnderstanding, but this by the sences; but his surest marke is, that hee is to bee found onely about Princes. Hee smells; and putteth away much of his iudgement about the scituation his clothes. Hee knowes no man that is not generally knowne. His wit, like the *Marigolde*, openeth with the *Sunne*, and therefore hee riseth not before ten of the clocke. He puts more confidence in his wordes than meaning, and more in his pronuntiation than his words. *Occasion* is his *Cupid*, and he hath but one receipt of making loue. He followes nothing but inconstancie, admires nothing but beautie, honours nothing but Fortune. Loues nothing. The sustenance of his discourse is Newes, and his censure like a shot depends vpon the charging. Hee is not, if hee be out of Court, but fish-like breathes destruction, if out of his owne element. Neither his motion, or aspect are regular, but hee mooues by the vpper *Spheres*, and is the reflection of higher substances.

If you finde him not heere, you shall in *Paules*, with a pick-tooth in his Hat, a cape cloke, and a long stocking.

A Golden Asse

IS a young thing, whose Father went to the Diuell; he is followed like a salt-bitch, and lymb'd by him that gets vp first; his disposition is cut, and knaues rent him like Tenter-hookes: hee is as blind as his mother, and swallowes flatterers for friends. Hee is high in his owne imagination, but that imagination is a stone, that is raised by violence, descends naturally; when he goes, hee lookes who lookes, if hee findes not good store of vaylers, he comes home stiffe and seere, vntill he be new oyled and watered by his husbandmen. Whereseuer he eats, hee hath an officer to warne men not to talke out of his element, and his owne is exceeding sensible, because it is sensuall; but hee cannot exchange a peece of reason, though hee can a peece of gold. Hee is naught pluckt, for his feathers are his beautie, and more then his beauty, they are his discretion, his countenance, his All. Hee is now at an ende, for hee hath had the Wolfe of vaine-glory, which hee fed, vntill himselfe became the food.

A Flatterer

IS *the shadowe of a foole.* Hee is a good wood-man, for he singleth out none but the wealthie. His carriage is euer of the colour of his patient; & for his sake he will halt or weare a wry necke. He dispraiseth nothing but pouertie, and small drinke, and praiseth his grace of making water. Hee selleth himselfe, with reckoning his great Friendes, and teacheth the present, how to win his praises by reciting the others gifts: hee is ready for all employments, but especially before Dinner, for his courage and his stomake goe together. Hee will play any part vpon his countenance, and where he cannot be admitted for a counseller, hee will serue as foole. He fre-

quents the court of wards and ordinaries, and fits these gueſts of *Togæ virilis*, with wiues or whores. He entreth young men into acquaintance and debt bookes. In a word, he is the impreſſion of the laſt terme, and will be ſo, vntill the comming of a new terme or termer.

An ignorant glory-hunter

IS an *inſecta animalia*; for he is the maggot of opinion. his behauiour is another thing from himſelfe, and is glewed, and but ſet on. He entertaines men with repetitions, and returnes them their owne words. He is ignorant of nothing, no not of thoſe things, where ignorance is the leſſer ſhame. Hee gets the names of good wits, and vtters them for his companions. He confeſſeth vices that he is guiltleſſe of, if they be in faſhion; and dares not ſalute a man in old clothes, or out of faſhion. There is not a publike aſſembly without him, and he will take any paines for an acquaintance there. In any ſhew he will be one, though he be but a whiſtler, or a torch-bearer; and beares downe ſtrangers with the ſtorie of his actions. He handles nothing that is not rare, and defends his wardrope, diet, and all cuſtomes, with entitling their beginnings from Princes, great Souldiers, and ſtrange Nations. He dares ſpeake more than he vnderſtands, and aduentures his words without the reliefe of any ſeconds. He relates battels and skirmiſhes, as from an eye witnes, when his eyes theeuiſhly beguiled a ballad of them. In a word, to make ſure of admiration, he will not let himſelfe vnderſtand himſelfe, but hopes fame and opinion, will be the Readers of his Riddles.

A Tymist

IS *a nowne Adiective of the present tense.* He hath no more of a conscience then Feare, and his religion is not his but the Princes. He reuerenceth a Courtiers Seruants seruant. Is first his owne Slaue, and then whosoeuer looketh big; when he giues he curseth, and when he sells he worships. He reads the statutes in his chamber, and weares the Bible in the streets; he neuer praiseth any but before themselues or friends; and mislikes no great mans actions during his life. His new-yeares gifts are ready at *Allhalomas*, and the sute he ment to mediate before them. He pleaseth the children of great men, and promiseth to adopt them; and his curtesie extends it selfe euen to the stable. He straines to talke wisely, and his modestie would serue a Bride. He is grauitie from the head to the foote, but not from the head to the heart; you may finde what place he affecteth, for he creepes as neere it as may be, and as passionately courts it; if at any time his hopes are effected, he swelleth with them; and they burst out too good for the vessell. In a word, he danceth to the tune of Fortune, and studies for nothing but to keepe time.

An Amorist

IS a certaine blasted or planet-stroken, and is the dog that leads blind *Cupid*; when he is at the best, his fashion exceeds the worth of his weight. He is neuer without verses, and muske comfects: and sighes to the hazard of his buttons; his eyes are all white, either to weare the liuery of his Mistres complexion, or to keepe *Cupid* from hitting the blacke. He fights with passion, and looseth much of his blood by his weapon; dreames, thence his palenes. His armes are carelesly vsed, as if their best

beſt vſe were nothing but embracements. He is vntruſt and vnbuttoned, vngartred, not out of careleſnes, but care; his fartheſt end being but going to bed. Sometimes he wraps his petition in neatnes, but it goeth not alone, for then he makes ſome other qualitie moralize his affection, and his trimnes is the grace of that grace. Her fauour lifts him vp as the Sunne moiſture; when ſhe diſfauours, vnable to hold that happineſſe, it falls downe in teares; his fingers are his Orators, and he expreſſeth much of himſelfe vpon ſome inſtrument. He anſweres not, or not to the purpoſe; and no maruell, for he is not at home. He ſcocheth time with dancing with his Miſtres, taking vp of her gloue, and wearing her feather; he is confinde to her colour, and dares not paſſe out of the circuit of her memorie. His imagination is a foole, and it goeth in a pied-coat of red and white; ſhortly he is tranſlated out of a man into folly; his imagination is the glaſſe of luſt, and himſelfe the traitor to his owne diſcretion.

An affected Traueller

IS a ſpeaking faſhion; he hath taken paines to be ridiculous, and hath ſeene more then he hath perceiued. His attire ſpeakes *French* or *Italian*, and his *gate* cryes *Behold mee*. He cenſures all things by countenances, and ſhrugs, and ſpeakes his owne language with ſhame and liſping: he will choake, rather than confeſſe *Beere* good drinke: and his pick-tooth is a maine part of his behauiour. He chooſeth rather to be counted a *Spie*, then not a *Polititian*: & maintaines his reputation by naming great men familiarly. He chooſeth rather to tell lyes, then not wonders, & talkes with men ſingly; his diſcourſe ſounds big, but meanes nothing: and his boy is bound to admire him howſoeuer. He comes ſtill from great perſonages, but goes with meane. He takes occaſion to ſhew Iewells giuen him in regard of his vertue, that were bought in S. *Martins*, & not lōg after, hauing with a *Mountebancks* me-

thod, pronoũced thẽ worth thouſands, empawneth them for a few ſhillings. Vpon feſtiuall daies he goes to Court, and ſalutes without reſaluting: at night in an Ordinarie he confeſſeth the buſineſſe in hand, and ſeemes as conuerſant with all intents and plots, as if he begot them. His extraordinary account of men is, firſt to tell them the ends of all matters of conſequence, and then to borrow mony of them; he offereth curteſies, to ſhew them, rather then himſelfe humble. He diſdaines all things aboue his reach, and preferreth all Countries before his owne. He imputeth his wants and pouertie to the ignorance of the time, not his owne vnworthines: and concludes his diſcourſe with a halfe period, or a word, and leaues the reſt to imagination. In a word, his religion is faſhion, and both body and ſoule are gouerned by fame, he loues moſt voices aboue truth.

A Wiſe man

IS the truth of the true definition of man, that is, a reaſonable creature. His diſpoſition alters, alters not. He hides himſelfe with the attire of the vulgar; and in indifferent things is content to be gouerned by them. He lookes according to nature, ſo goes his behauiour. His mind enioyes a continuall ſmoothneſſe, ſo commeth it, that his conſideration is alwaies at home. He endures the faults of all men ſilently, except his friends, and to them he is the myrrour of their actions; by this meanes his peace commeth not from fortune, but himſelfe. He is cunning in men, not to ſurpriſe but keepe his owne, and beats off their ill affected humours, no otherwiſe then if they were flies. He chooſeth not friends by the ſubſidie booke, and is not luxurious after acquaintance. He maintaines the ſtrength of his body, not by delicacies, but temperance; and his minde by giuing it preheminence ouer his body. He vnderſtands things not by their forme,

but

but qualities; and his comparisons intend not to excuse, but to prouoke him higher. He is not subiect to casualties, for Fortune hath nothing to doe with the minde, except those drowned in the bodie: but hee hath diuided his soule, from the case of his soule, whose weakenesse he assists no otherwise then commiseratiuely, not that it is his, but that it is. Hee is thus, and will be thus: and liues subiect neither to Time nor his frailties; the seruant of vertue, and by vertue, the friend of the highest.

A Noble Spirit

HAth surueyed and fortified his disposition, and conuerts all occurrēts into experience, between which experience and his reason, there is marriage; the issue, are his actions. He circuits his intents, and seeth the end before he shoot. Men are the instruments of his Art, and there is no man without his vse: occasiō encites him, none enticeth him; and hee mooues by affection, not for affection; he loues glory, skorns shame, and gouerneth and obeyeth with one countenance; for it comes from one consideration. Hee calls not the varietie of the worlde chaunces, for his meditation hath trauailed ouer them; and his eye mounted vpon his vnderstanding, seeth them as things vnderneath. He couers not his body with delicacies, nor excuseth these delicacies by his bodie, but teacheth it, since it is not able to defend it's own imbecilitie, to shew or suffer. He licenseth not his weaknes, to weare Fate, but knowing reason to be no idle gift of Nature, hee is the Steeres-man of his owne destinie. Truth is his Goddesse, and he takes paines to get her, not to looke like her. He knows the condition of the world, that he must act one thing like another, & then another. To these he carryes his desires, not his desires him, and sticks not fast by the way (for that contentment is repentance) but knowing the circle of all courses, of all intents,

of all things, to haue but one center or period, without all distraction, he hasteth thither & ends there, as his true and naturall element. Hee doth not contemne Fortune, but not confesse her. Hee is no Gamster of the worlde (which onely complaine and praise her) but being only sensible of the honestie of actions, contemnes a particular profit as the excrement or skum. Vnto the societie of men hee is a *Sunne*, whose cleerenesse directs theyr steps in a regular motion: when hee is more particular, hee is the wise-mans friend, the example of the indifferent, the medicine of the vicious. Thus Time goeth not from him, but with him: and hee feeles age more by the strength of his soule, than the weaknes of his body: thus feeles he no paine, but esteemes all such things as friends that desire to file off his fetters, & help him out of prison.

An olde Man

IS a thing that hath bene a man in his dayes. Old men are to bee knowne blind-folded: for theyr talke is as terrible as theyr resemblance. They praise theyr owne times as vehemently, as if they would sell them. They become wrinckled with frowning and facing youth: they admire theyr owne customes, euen to the eating of red herring, and going wet-shod. They call the thumbe vnder the gyrdle grauity, and because they can hardly smell at all, theyr posies are vnder their gyrdles. They count it an ornament of speech, to close the period with a cough; and it is venerable, they say, to spēd time in wyping their drivveled beards. Theyr discourse is vnanswerable, by reason of their obstinacie: their speech is much, though little to the purpose. Truthes and lyes passe with an equall affirmation, for their memories seuerall is worne into one receptacle, and so they come out with one sense. They teach their seruāts their duties with as much scorne and tyrannie, as some people teach theyr dogs to fetch.

Their

Theyr enuie is one of their diſeaſes. They put off and on theyr cloathes, with that certaintie, as if they knew, their heads would not direct them, and therefore Cuſtome ſhould. They take a pride in halting and going ſtiffely, and therefore theyr ſtaues are carued and tipped: they truſt their attyre with much of theyr grauitie; and they dare not goe without a gowne in Summer. Theyr Hats are bruſhed to draw mens eyes off from theyr faces; but of all, theyr *Pomanders* are worne to moſt purpoſe, for theyr putrified breath ought not to want eyther a ſmell to defend, or a dog to excuſe.

A Countrey-Gentle-man

IS a thing, out of whoſe corruption, the generation of a Iuſtice of peace is produced. Hee ſpeakes ſtatutes and husbandry wel enough, to make his neighbours thinke him a wiſe-man; he is wel skilled in *Arithmetike* or rates: and hath eloquence enough to ſaue his two-pence. His conuerſation amongſt his Tenants is deſperate; but amongſt his equalls full of doubt. His trauell is ſeldome farther then the next Market towne, and his inquiſition is about the price of corne: when hee trauelleth, he will goe ten mile out of the way, to a Cofens houſe of his, to ſaue charges; and rewards the Seruants by taking them by the hand when he departs. Nothing vnder a *Sub-pœna* can draw him to *London*, and when he is there, he ſtickes faſt vpon euery obiect, caſts his eyes away vpon gazing, and becoms the prey of euery cut-purſe. When he comes home, thoſe wonders ſerue him for his Holliday talke. If he goes to Court, it is in yellow ſtockings, and if he be in winter, in a ſleight taffetie cloke, and pumps and pantafles, He is chaynd, that wooes the vſher for his cõming into the preſence, where he becomes troubleſome with the ill managing of his Rapier, and the wearing of his gyrdle of one faſhion, and the hangers of another, by this

time hee hath learned to kiſſe his hand, and make a Leg both together, and the names of Lords and Counſellors; hee hath thus much toward entertainment and curteſie, but of the laſt hee makes more vſe; for by the recitall of *my Lord*, he coniures his poore Countrey-men. But this is not his element, but he muſt home againe, being like a Dor, that ends his flight in a dung-hill.

A fine Gentleman

IS *the Cynamon tree*, whoſe barke is more worth then his bodie. He hath read the booke of good manners, and by time each of his limbes may read it. Hee alloweth of no iudge, but the eye; painting, boulſtring, and bombaſting are his *Orators*: by theſe alſo he proues his induſtrie: for he hath purchaſed legs, haire, beauty, and ſtraightneſſe, more then nature left him. Hee vnlockes maidenheads with his language, and ſpeakes *Ephues*, not ſo gracefully as heartily. His diſcourſe makes not his behauiour, but he buyes it at Court, as countrymen their clothes in Burchin-lane. He is ſomewhat like the *Salamander*, and liues in the flame of loue, which paines hee expreſſeth comically: and nothing grieues him ſo much, as the want of a Poet to make an iſſue in his loue; yet he ſighes ſweetly, and ſpeakes lamentably: for his breath is perfumed, and his words are winde. He is beſt in ſeaſon at Chriſtmas; for the Boares head and Reueller come together; his hopes are laden in his qualitie, and leſt Fidlers ſhould take him vnprouided, hee weares pompes in his pocket, and leſt hee ſhould take fidlers vnprouided, he whiſtles his owne galliard. Hee is a calender of ten yeares, and mariage ruſts him. Afterwards he maintaines himſelfe an implement of houſhold by carting and vſhering. For all this he is iudiciall only in Taylors and Barbers, but his opinion is euer readie & euer idle. If you wil knowe more of his Arts, the Brokers ſhop is the witnes

of

of his valour, where lies wouded, dead, rent, & out of fashion, many a spruce sute ouerthrowē by his fantastiknes.

An Elder Brother

IS a creature borne to the best aduarage of things without him; that hath the start at the beginning, but loyters it away before the ending. He looks like his land, as heauily, and durtily, as stubbornly. He dares doe any thing but fight: and feares nothing but his Fathers life and minoritie. The first thing he makes knowne is his estate; and the Load-stone that drawes him is the vpper end of the table. He wooeth by a particular, & his strongest argument is the ioynture. His obseruation is all about the fashion, & he commēds Partlets for a rare deuise. Hee speakes no language, but smells of dogs or hawkes; and his ambition flies Iustice-hight. He loues to be cōmended, and he will goe into the kitchin, but heele haue it. He loues glory, but is so lazie, as he is contēt with flatterie. He speakes most of the precedency of age, and protests fortune the greatest vertue. He summoneth the old seruants, and tells what strange acts he will doe, when he raignes. He verily belieues Houf-keepers the best common-wealths men; and therefore studies baking, brewing, greasing, and such, as the lyms of goodnes. He iudgeth it no small signe of wisdom to talk much, his tongue therefore goes continually his errand, but neuer speedes. If his vnderstanding were not honester then his will, no man should keepe a good conceit by him; for he thinks it no theft, to sell all he can to opinion. His pedigree and his fathers seale-ring, are the stilts of his crazed disposition. He had rather keep company with the dregs of men, then not to be the best man. His insinuation is the inviting of men to his house; and he thinks it a great modestie, to comprehend his cheere vnder a peece of mutton & a rabbet: if he by this time be not knowne, he wil goe home againe: for he can no more abide to haue himselfe

concealed, then his land; yet he is as you see good for nothing, except to make a stallion to maintaine the race.

A Welchman.

IS the Oyster, that the perle is in, for a man may be pickt out of him. He hath the abilities of the minde in *potentia*, & *actu* nothing but boldnes. His clothes are in fashion before his bodie; and hee accounts boldnes the chiefest vertue. Aboue all men he loues a Herrald, & speaks pedigrees naturally. He accounts none well descended, that call him not Cozen: and preferres *Owen Glendower* before any of the nine Worthies. The first note of his familiaritie is the confession of his valour; and so hee preuents quarrells. He voucheth Welch, a pure, and vnconquered language: & courts Ladies with the story of their Chronicle. To conclude, hee is precious in his owne conceyt, and vpon *Saint Dauies* day without comparison.

A Pedant

HE treads in a rule, and one hand skans verses, & the other holds his scepter. He dares not think a thought that the Nominatiue case gouernes not the verbe; and he neuer had meaning in his life, for he trauelled only for words. His ambition is *Criticisme*, and his example *Tully*. Hee values phrases, and elects them by the sound, and the eight partes of speech are his Seruants. To bee briefe, hee is a *Hetaroclite*, for hee wants the plurall number, hauing onely the single qualitie of words.

A Seruingman

IS *a creature, which though he be not drunke, yet is not his owne man.* He tels without asking, who ownes him, by the superscription of his liuery. His life is for ease and leisure, much about *gentleman-like*. His wealth enough to suffice Nature, and sufficient to make him happie, if he were sure

of

of it; for he hath little, and wants nothing, he values himselfe higher or lower, as his maister is. He hates or loues the men, as his Master doth the Master. He is commonly prowd of his Masters horses, or his Christmas; he sleepes when he is sleepy, is of his religion, only the clocke of his stomacke is set to goe an houre after his. Hee seeldome breakes his owne clothes. He neuer drinkes but double, for hee must be pledg'd: nor commonly without some short sentence nothing to the purpose: and seldome abstaines till hee come to a thyrst. His discretion is to bee carefull for his Masters credit, and his sufficiency to marshall dishes at a Table, and to carue well. His neatnesse consists much in his haire and outward linnen. His courting language, visible bawdy ieasts; and against his matter faile, he is alway ready furnished with a song. His inheritance is the Chamber-maid, but often purchaseth his Masters daughter, by reason of opportunitie, or for want of a better, he always cuckolds himselfe, and neuer marryes but his owne widdow. His Master being appeased, he becomes a retainer, and entailes himselfe and his posteritie vpon his heyres males for euer.

An Host

IS the kernell of a signe: Or the Signe is the shell, and *mine Host* is the snaile. He consists of double-beere and fellowship, and his vices are the bawdes of his thyrst. Hee entertaines humbly, and giues his Guests power, as well of himselfe as house. He answers all mens expectations to his power, saue in the reckoning: and hath gotten the tricke of greatnes, to lay all mislikes vpon his seruãts. His wife is the *Cumminseede* of his doue-house; and to be a good Guest, is a warrant for her libertie. He traffiques for Guests by mens friends, friends-friend, and is sensible only of his purse. In a word, hee is none of his owne: for he neither eats, drinks, or thinks, but at other mens charges and appointments.

An Oſtler

IS a thing that ſcrubbeth vnreaſonably his Horſe, reaſonablie himſelf. He cõſiſts of Trauellers, thogh he be none himſelf. His higheſt ambition is to be *Hoſt*, & the inuention of his ſigne is his greateſt wit: for the expreſſing wherof he ſends away the Painters for want of vnderſtãding. He hath certaine charms for a horſe mouth, that he ſhuld not eat his hay: & behind your back, he wil cozen your horſe to his face. His curry-comb is one of his beſt parts, for he expreſſeth much by the gingling: & his mane-combe is a Spinners card turn'd out of ſeruice. He puffs & blowes ouer your horſe, to the hazard of a double Iugge: & leaues much of the dreſſing to the prouerb of *Muls mutuo ſcabiẽt*, one horſe rubs another. He coms to him that cals loudeſt, not firſt; he takes a brokẽ head patiẽtly, but the knaue he feeles not. His vtmoſt honeſty is good fellowſhip, and he ſpeaks Northern, what coũtry-manſoeuer. He hath a penſion of Ale frõ the next *Smith* & *Sadler* for intelligẽce. He loues to ſee you ride, & holds your ſtirrop in expectation.

A good Wife

IS a mans beſt moueable, a ſcien incorporate with the ſtock, bringing ſweet fruit; one that to her husband is more then a friẽd, leſſe then trouble: an equall with him in the yoke. Calamities and troubles ſhe ſhares alike, nothing pleaſeth her that doth not him. She is relatiue in all; and he without her, but halfe himſelfe. Shee is his abſent hands, eyes, eares, and mouth: his preſent and abſent All. Shee frames her nature vnto his how ſoeuer: the *Hiacinth* followes not the *Sunne* more wilingly. Stubbornnes and obſtinacie, are hearbs that grow not in her garden. Shee leaues tatling to the goſſips of the town, & is more ſeene then heard: her houſ hold is her charge, her care to that, makes her ſeldom *non-reſidẽt*. Her pride is but to be cleanly, & her thrift not to be prodigiall. By her diſcretion ſhe

hath

hath children, not wantons; a Husband without her, is a misery in mans apparell: none but she hath an aged husband, to whom she is both a staffe & a chaire. To cõclude, she is both wise and religious, which makes her all this.

A Melancholy man

IS a strayer from the droue: one that nature made sociable, because she made him man, and a crazed disposition hath altered. Impleasing to all, as all to him; straggling thoughts are his content, they make him dream waking, there's his pleasure. His imagination is neuer idle, it keeps his minde in a continuall motion, as the poise the clocke: he windes vp his thoughts often, and as often vnwindes them, *Penelopes* webbe thriues faster. Hee'le seldom be found without the shade of some groue, in whose bottome a riuer dwells. He carries a cloud in his face, neuer faire weather: his outside is framed to his inside, in that he keeps a *Decorum*, both vnseemly. Speake to him, he heares with his eyes, eares follow his minde, and that's not at leysure. He thinks busines, but neuer does any; he is all contemplation, no action. Hee hewes and fashions his thoughts, as if hee meant them to some purpose, but they proue vnprofitable, as a peece of wrought timber to no vse. His spirits and the Sunne are enemies, the Sunne bright and warme, his humor blacke and colde: varietie of fooliſh apparitions people his head, they suffer him not to breathe, according to the necessities of nature; which makes him sup vp a draught of as much ayre at once, as would serue thrice. He denyes nature her due in sleepe, and ouerpayes her with watchfulnesse: nothing pleaseth him long, but that which pleaseth his owne fantasies; they are the consuming quills, and cuill consumptions, that consumes him aliue. Lastly, hee is a man onely in shewe, but comes short of the better part; a whole reasonable soule, which is mans chiefe preheminence, and sole marke from creatures sencelesse.

A Saylor

IS a picht peece of reason calkt & tackeld, and only studied to dispute with tempests. He is part of his owne prouision; for he liues euer pickeld. A fore-wind is the substance of his creede; and fresh water the burden of his prayers. He is naturally ambitious, for he is euer clyming, out of which as naturally he feares; for he is euer flying: time and he are euery where, euer contending who shall arriue first: he is well winded, for hee tires the day, & out-runnes darkenesse. His life is like a *hawkes*, the best part mewed, and if he liue till three coates is a Maister. He sees GODS wonders in the deepe: but so as rather they appeare his play-fellowes; then stirrers of his zeale: nothing but hunger and hard rockes can conuert him: and then but his vpper deck neyther; for his hold neyther feares nor hopes. His sleepes are but repreuals of his dangers. And when he wakes; tis but next stage to dying: His wisdome is the coldest part about him, for it euer poynts to the North, & it lyes lowest, which makes his valour euery tyde oreflow it. In a storme tis disputable, whether the noyse be more his, or the Elements, and which will first leaue scolding; on which side of the ship he may be saued best, whether his faith be star bord faith, or lar-bord: or the helme at that time not all hope of heauen: His keele is the Embleame of his conscience: till it be spilt he neuer repents, and then no farther then the sand allowes him: his language is a new confusion: and all his thoughts new nations, his body and his ship are both one burthen: nor is it knowne who stowes most wine, or rowles most: onely the ship is guyded, he has no sterne: a barnacle and he are bred together, both of one nature, and 'tis feard one reason: vpon any but a wodden horse he cannot ride, and if the winde blow against him he dare not, he swarues vp to his seate as to a sayle yarde, and cannot sit vnlesse he bare a flagge staffe: if euer hee

be broken to the saddle, tis but a voyage still, for he mistakes the bridle for a bowllin, and is euer turning his horse tayle: he can pray, but tis by rote, not faith: and whē he would he dares not; for his brackish beleefe hath made ỹ *ominous*. A rock or a quicksand pluck him before he be ripe, else he is gatherd to his friends at wapping.

A Souldier

IS the husbād-mā of valor, his Sword is his plow: which honor and aqua-uitæ, two fierie mettald lads, are euer drawing. A yoūger brother best becomes armes, an elder, the thāks for them; euery heat makes him a harueſt: and discontents abroad are his Sowers: He is actiuely his *Princes*, but passiuely his angers seruant. He is often a desirer of learning, which once ariued at, prooues his strongest armor: he is a louer at all points; & a true defender of the faith of women: more wealth then makes him seeme a hansome foe, lightly he couets not, lesse is below him: he neuer truly wāts, but in much hauing, for then his ease & leachery afflict him: the word *peace*, though in praier makes him start, & GOD he best considers by his power: hunger & cold ranke in the same file with him, & hold him to a man: his honour else, & the desire of doing things beyond him, would blow him greater then the sonnes of Anack. His religion is, commonly, as his cause is (doubtfull) and that the best deuotion keeps best quarter: he seldome sees gray haires, some none at all, for where the Sword failes, there the flesh giues fire: in Charity he goes beyond the Clergy, for he loues his greatest enemy best, much drinking; he seemes a full Studient, for he is a great desirer of controuersies, he argues sharpely & carries his cōclusion in his scabard; in the first refining of mankind this was the gold, his actions are his ammel. His alay (for else you cannot worke him perfectly) continual duties, heauy & wearie marches, lodgings as full of need as cold diseases. No time to argue, but to execute. Line him with these, and linke him to his squadrons, and he appeares a most rich chaine for Princes.

A

A Talyor

IS a creature made vp of ſhreds, that were pared off frō *Adam*, when he was rough caſt. The end of his Being differeth from that of others, and is not to ſerue God, but to couer ſinne. Other mens pride is his beſt Patron, and theyr negligence, a maine paſſage to his profit. He is a thing of more then ordinarie iudgement; For by vertue of that he buyeth land, buyldeth houſes, and rayſeth the low-ſet roofe of his croſſe-legged Fortune. His actions are ſtrong in-Counters, and for theyr notorioufnes alwayes vpon Record. It is neyther *Amadis de Gaule*, nor the Knight of the *Sunne*, that is able to reſiſt them. A ten groates Fee ſetteth them on foote, and a brace of Officers bringeth them to execution. He handleth the Spaniſh Pike, to the hazard of many poore Egyptian vermins; and in ſhew of his valour, ſcorneth a greater Gantlet, then will couer the top of his middle-finger. Of all weapons hee moſt affecteth the long Bill, and this hee will manage to the great preiudice of a cuſtomers eſtate. His ſpirit notwithſtanding is not ſo much as to make you thinke him Man; like a true Mungrell, he neyther bites nor barkes, but when your backe is towards him. His heart is a lumpe of congealed ſnow: *Prometheus* was a ſleepe while it was making. He differeth altogether from God; for with him the beſt pieces are ſtill marked out for damnation, and without hope of recouery ſhall be caſt downe into Hell. He is partly an Alchimiſt; for he extracteth his owne apparell out of other mens clothes; and when occaſion ſerueth, making a Brokers ſhop his Alembike, can turne your ſilks into gold, and hauing furniſhed his neceſſities, after a month or two, if he be vrg'd vnto it, reduce them againe to theyr proper ſubſtance. He is in part likewiſe an Arithmetitian, cunning enough in Multiplycation and Addition, but cannot endure Subſtracti-

on:

on: *Summa totalis*, is the Language of his Canaan; *& vsque ad vltimum quadrantem*, the period of all his Charitie. For any skill in *Geometrie*, I dare not commend him; For he could neuer yet finde out the dimensions of his owne conscience: Notwithstanding he hath many Bottoms, it seemeth this is alwaies botomles. He is double yarded, & yet his female complaineth of want of measure. In a word, hee is *Moço*, though not *Mançebo*: And so, with a *Liberanos à malo*; I leaue you, promising to amend whatsoeuer is amisse, at his next setting.

Boyish for his contra. Witlesse for his yeares

A Puritane.

IS a diseas'd peece of *Apocripha*, binde him to the Bible, and hee corrupts the whole Text; Ignorance, and fat feede, are his Founders, his Nurses, Raylings, Rabbies, and round breeches: his life is but a borrowed blast of winde; For betweene two religions, as betweene two doores, hee is euer whistling. Truely whose childe he is, is yet vnknowne; For willingly his Faith allowes no Father, onely thus farre his pedigree is found, Bragget and hee flourisht about a time first; his fierie zeale keepes him continuall Costiue, which withers him into his owne translation, and till hee eate a Schooleman, hee is hidebounde, hee euer prayes against *Non Residentes*, but is himselfe the greatest discontinuer, for hee neuer keepes neere his Text: any thing that the Lawe allowes, but Marriage and March beere, hee murmures at: what it disallowes, and holdes dangerous makes him a discipline. Where the gate stands open, hee is euer seeking a stile: and where his Learning ought to climbe, hee creepes through; giue him aduice, you runne into *Traditions*, and vrge a modest course, hee cryes out *Councells*. His greatest care is, to contemne obedience, his least care to serue God, handsomely and cleanely; Hee is now become so crosse a kinde of teaching, that should the Church enioyne cleane shirts, he were lowsie; more sence then single prayers is not his, nor more in those, then still the same petitions; from which he eyther feares a learned Faith, or doubts God vnderstands

ſtands not at firſt hearing. Shew him a Ring, he runs backe like a Beare; and hates ſquare dealing as allyed to Caps, a paire of Orgens blowe him out o'th Pariſh, and are the only glister pipes to coole him. Where the meate is beſt, there he confutes moſt; for his arguing is but the efficacie of his eating, good bits he holds breeds good poſitions, and the Pope he beſt concludes againſt in Plumbroth. He is often drunke, but not as we are, temporally, nor can his ſleepe then cure him, for the fumes of his ambition makes his very ſoule reele, and that ſmall Beere that ſhould alay him (ſilence) keeps him more ſurfeited, and makes his heate breake out in priuate houſes: women and Lawyers are his beſt Diſciples, the one next fruit, longs for forbidden Doctrine, the other to maintaine forbidden titles, both which he ſowes amongſt them, honeſt he dare not be for that loues order; yet if he can be brought to Ceremonie, and made but maiſter of it, he is conuerted.

A Whore

IS a hie way to the Diuell, he that lookes vpon her with deſire begins his voyage; he that ſtaies to talke with her mends his pace, and who enioyes her is at his iourneys end: Her bodie is the tilted Lees of pleaſure, daſht ouer with a little decking to hold colour, taſte her ſhees dead, and falls vpon the pallate; The ſinnes of other women ſhew in Landſcip, far off and full of ſhadow, hers in Statue, neere hand, and bigger in the life: ſhe pricks betimes, for her ſtocke is a white-thornes which cut and grafted on, ſhe growes a Medler; Her trade is oppoſite to any other; for ſhe ſets vp without credit, and too much cuſtome breakes her; The money that ſhe gets is like a Traitors, giuen only to corrupt her, and what ſhe gets, ſerues but to pay diſeaſes. Shees euer moor'd in ſinne, and euer mending, and after thirtie, ſhees the Surgions creature; ſhame and Repentance are two ſtrangers to her, and onely in an hoſpital acquainted: ſhe liues a Reprobate, like *Cain*, ſtil branded, finding no habitation but her feares, and flyes the face of Iuſtice like a Fellon. The firſt yeare of her trade ſhee is an

Eyeſſe,

Eyeſſe, ſcratches and cries to draw on more affection: the ſecond Soare: the third a Ramage whoore: the fourth and fift, ſhees an intermewer, preyes for her ſelfe, and ruffles all ſhe reaches; from thence to ten ſhee beares the name of white whore, for then her blood forſakes her with ſalt Rumes, and and now ſhe has mewd three cotes; Now ſhe growes warie and diſeas'd together, fauours her wing, checks little, but lyes for it, bathes for her health, and ſcoures to keepe her coole, yet ſtill ſhe takes in ſtones, ſhe fires her ſelfe elſe: the next remoue is Haggard, ſtill more cunning, and if my art deceiue me not more crazie. All cares and cures are doubled now vpon her, and line her perch, or now ſhe mewes her pounces, at all theſe yeares ſhe flies at fooles & kills too; the next is Buſſard Bawde, and there I leaue her.

A very Whore

IS a woman. She enquires out all the great meetings, which are medicines for her itching. Shee kiſſeth open mouth'd, and ſpits in the palmes of her hands to make them moiſt. Her eyes are like Free-booters, liuing vpon the ſpoyle of Straglers; and ſhe baites her deſires with a million of poſtitute countenances, and enticements; In the light ſhe liſteneth to Parlies, but in the darke ſhe vnderſtands ſignes beſt. She will ſell her ſmocke for Cuffes, and ſo her ſhooes be fine, ſhee cares not though her ſtockings want feete. Her modeſtie is curioſitie, and her ſmell is one of her beſt ornaments. She paſſeth not a ſpanne breadth. And to haue done, ſhe is the cooke and the meat dreſſing, her ſelfe all day to be taſted with the better appetite at night.

A meere Common Lawyer.

IS the best shadow to make a discreet one shew the fairer. He is a *Materia prima* informed by reports, actuated by Statutes, and hath his Motion by the fauourable Intelligence of the Court. His Law is alwaies furnisht with a Commission to arraigne his Conscience; but vpon iudgement giuen he vsually sets it at large. He thinkes no language worth knowing but his *Barragoüin*. Onely for that point he hath bene a long time at warres with *Priscian* for a Northerne Prouince. He imagines that by superexcellencie his profession onely is learning, and that its a prophanation of the temple to his *Themis* dedicated, if any of the Liberall Arts be there admitted to offer strange incense to Her. For indeed his is all for money. Seauen or eight yeares squires him out, some of his Nation lesse standing; and euer since the Night of his Call, he forgot much what he was at Dinner. The next Morning his man (in *Actu* or *potentiâ*) enioyes his pickadells. His Landresse is then shrewdly troubled in fitting him a Ruffe: his perpetuall badge. His loue letters of the last yeere of his Gentlemanship are stuft with *Discontinuances, Remitters*, and *Vncore prists*, but now being enabled to speake in proper person, he talks of a French hood, in steed of a Ioynature, wages his law, & ioynes issue. Then he begins to sticke his letters in his Ground chamber window; that so the superscription may make his Squireship transparent. His Heraldrie giues him place before the Minister, because the Law was before the Gospell. Next terme he walkes his hoopsleeue gown to the Hall; there it proclaimes him. He feeds fat in the Reading, and till it chances to his turne, dislikes no house order so much, as that the month is so contracted to a fortnight. Mongst his Countrie Neighbours, he arrogates as much honor for beeing Reader of an Inne of Chancery as if it had been of his owne house. For they, poore soules, take Law and Conscience, Court and Chancery for all one. He learnd to Frame his Cases from putting Riddles and imitating *Merlines* Prophesies, and so set all the Crosse row together by the eares. Yet

his

his whole law is not able to decide *Lucians* one old controuersie twixt *Tau* and *Sigma*. He accounts no man of his Cap and coate idle, but who trots not the Circuit. Hee affects no life, or qualitie for it selfe, but for gaine; and that at least, to the stating him in a Iustice of peace-ship, which is the first quickening soule superadded to the elementary and inanimate forme of his newe Title. His Termes are his Wiues vacations. Yet shee then may vsurpe diuers court-dayes, and hath her Returns *in Mensem*, for writs of entrie; often shorter. His vacations are her Termes. But in Assise time (the circuit being long) hee may haue a triall at home against him by *Nisi Prius*. No way to heauen he thinks so wise, as through *Westminster-Hall*; and his Clarks commonly through it visite both heauen and hell. Yet then he oft forgets his iourneys ende, although he looke on the *Starre-chamber*. Neyther is hee wholly destitute of the Arts. *Grammer* he hath, enough to make terminatiõs of those words which his authority hath endenizond. *Rhetorique* some; but so little, that its thought a concealment. *Logique* enough to wrangle. *Arithmetique* enough for the Ordinalls of his yeer-books, and number-rolls; but he goes not to *Multiplication* ther's a statute against it. So much *Geometrie*, that he can aduise in a *Perambulatione faciendâ*; or a *Rationabilibus diuisis*. In *Astronomie* and *Astrologie* he is so farre seene, that by the *Dominicall* letter, he knowes the Hall-dayes, and findes by Calculation, that *Michaelmas* terme will be long and durty. *Marry* hee knowes so much in *Musique*, that he affects only the most and cunningest *Discords*; rarely a perfit *Concord*, especially long, except *in fine*. His skill in *Perspectiue*, endeuours much to deceiue the eye of the Law, and giues many false colours. Hee is specially practised in *Necromancie*, (such a kinde as is out of the statute of *Primo*) by raising many *dead Questions*. What sufficiencie he hath in *Critici, me*, the sowle copies of his *Speciall Pleas* will tell you.

Many of the same coate, which are much to be honor'd, partake of diuers of his indifferent qualities, but so, that *Discretion, Vertue*, and sometimes other *good learning*, concurring for distinguishing ornaments to them, make him as a foile, to set their worth on.

THE CHARACTER of a happy life. By H. W.

HOw happie is he borne or taught,
That ſerueth not an others will;
Whoſe Armor is his honeſt thought,
And ſillie *Truth* his higheſt skill.

Whoſe paſſions not his Maſters are,
Whoſe ſoule is ſtill prepar'd for death:
Vntied vnto the world with care
Of Princely loue, or vulgar breath.

Who hath his life from rumors freed,
Whoſe conſcience is his ſtrong retreit:
Whoſe ſtate can neyther Flatterers feed,
Nor ruine make accuſers great.

Who enuieth none whom chaunce doth raiſe,
Or vice, who neuer vnderſtood:
How deepeſt wounds are giuen with praiſe,
Not rules of ſtate, but rules of good.

Who vnto *GOD* doth late and early pray,
More of his grace, then gifts to lend;
Who entertaines the harmeleſſe day,
With a well choſen Booke or Friend.

This Man is free from ſeruile bands,
Of hope to riſe, or feare to fall;
Lord of himſelfe, though not of Lands,
And hauing nothing, hee hath All.

NEVVES FROM *ANY WHENCE:*

OR

Olde Truth, vnder a suppo-*sall of Nouelrie.*

Occasioned by diuers Essayes, and priuate *passages of Wit betweene sundry Gentlemen vpon that subiect.*

Newes from Court.

IT is thought heere, that there are as great miseries beyond happinesse, as a this side it, as *being in Loue.* That Truth is euery mans by assenting. That Time makes euery thing aged, and yet it self was neuer but a minute old. That next-sleepe, the greatest deuourer of time is businesse: the greatest stretcher of it, *Passion*; the truest measure of it, *Contemplation.* To be saued, alwayes is the best plot: and vertue alwayes cleeres her way as shee goes. *Vice* is euer behind-hand with it selfe: That *wit* and a *Woman*, are two fraile things, and both the frailer by concurring. That the meanes of begetting a man, hath more encreast mankinde then the end. That the madnes of Loue, is to be sick of one part, and cured by another. The madnesse of icalousie, that it is so diligent, and yet hopes to loose his labour. That all women for the bodily part, are but the same meaning put in diuers words: That the difference in the sense is their vnderstan-

ding. That the wisedome of *Action* is *Discretion*, the knowledge of *contemplation* is truth: the knowledge of action is men. That the first considers what should be, the latter makes vse of what is. That euery man is weake in his owne humours. That euery man a little beyond himselfe is a foole. That affectation is the more ridiculous part of folly then ignorance. That the matter of greatnesse is comparison. That *GOD* made one world of *Substances*; Man hath made another of *Art* and *Opinion*. That Money is nothing but a thing which *Art* hath turned vp *trump*. That custome is the soule of circumstances. That custome hath so farre preuailed, that Truth is now the greatest newes.

Sr. *E. O.*

Answere to the Court Newes.

THat *Happinesse* and *Miserie* are *Antipodes*. That *Goodnesse* is not *Felicitie*, but the rode thither. That Mans strength is but a vicisitude of falling and rising. That onely to refraine ill, is to be ill still. That the plot of Saluation was layde before the plot of *Paradice*. That enioying is the preparatiue to contemning. That hee that seekes opinion beyond merite, goes iust so farre backe. That no man can obtaine his desires; nor in the world hath not to his measure. That to studie men is more profitable than bookes. That mens loues are theyr afflictions. That Titles of Honour, are ratles to still Ambition. That to bee a King, is *Fames butt*, and scares *quiuer*. That the soules of Women and Louers, are wrapt in the portmanque of theyr sences. That imagination is the ende of man. That wit is the webbe, and wisdome the woofe of the cloth, so that womens soules were neuer made vp. That enuie knowes what it will not confesse. That *Goodnesse* is like the Art *Prospectiue*, one point Center, begetting infinite rayes. That Man, Woman, and the Diuell, are the three degrees of comparison. That this Newes holdes number, but not weight, by which couple, all things receiue forme.

Coun-

Countrey Newes.

THat there is moſt heere, for it gathers in going. That reputation is meaſured by the Acre. That Pouertie is the greateſt diſhoneſty. That the pittie of (*Alas poore ſoule*) is for the moſt part miſtaken. That Roſt-beefe is the beſt ſmell. That a Iuſtice of peace is the beſt relique of Idolatry. That the Allegorie of Iuſtice drwane blinde, is turned the wrong way. That not to liue to heauenly is accounted great wrong. That wiſedome deſcendes in a race. That wee loue Names better than perſons. That to hold in Knights ſeruice, is a ſlippery ſeruice. That a papiſt is a new word for a traytor. That the duty of Religion is lent, not pay'd. That the reward is loſt in the want of humilitie. That the Puritane perſecution is as a clowd that can hyde the glorie of the light, but not the day. That the emulation of the *Engliſh* and *Scots* to be the *Kings* Countrymen, thruſt the honor on the *Welſh*. That a Courtyer neuer attaynes his ſelfe-knowledge but by report. That his beſt Embleme is a hearne dogge. That many great men are ſo prowd, that they know not theyr owne Fathers. That Loue is the taile-worme. That a woman is the effect of her owne firſt fame. That to remember, to knowe, and to vnderſtand, are three degrees not vnderſtood. That country ambition is no vice, for there is nothing aboue a man. That fighting is a Seruing-mans valour, martyrdome theyr maſters. That to liue long, is to fill vp the dayes wee liue. That the zeale of ſome mens religion, reflects from theyr Friends. That the pleaſure of vice is indulgence of the preſent, for it endures but the acting. That the proper reward of goodnes is from within, the externall is policie. That good and ill is the croſſe and pile in the ame of life. That the Soule is the lampe of the bodie, reaſon of the ſoule, Religion of reaſon, Faith of religion, Chriſt of Faith. That circumſtances are the atomies of policie, Cenſure the being, Action the life, but ſucceſſe the Ornament. That Authoritie preſſeth downe with weight, and is thought violence: po-

licie trips the heeles, and is called the dexteritie. That this life is a throng in a narrowe passage, hee that is first, out findes ease, he in the middle worst hemb'd in with troubles, the hindmost that dryues both out afore him, though not suffering wrong, hath his part in doing it. That God requires of our debts, a reckoning, not payment. That Heauen is the easiest purchase, for wee are the richer for the disbursing. That liberalitie should haue no obiect but the poore, if our mindes were rich. That the mystrie of greatnes, is to keepe the inferior ignorant of it. That all this is no Newes to a better wit.

That the Citie cares not what the Countrey thinks.

Sr. T.R.

Newes from the very Countrey.

THat it is a Fripery of Courtiers, Marchants, and others, which haue bene in fashion, and are very neere worne out.

That Iustices of Peace haue the felling of vnder-woods, but the Lordes haue the great fals. That Iesuits are like Apricocks, heretofore here and there one succour'd in a great mans house and cost deare, now you may haue them for nothing in euery cottage. That euery great vice is a Pike in a Pond, that deuoures vertues, and lesse vices. That it is wholsomest getting a stomacke, by walking on your owne ground: and the thriftiest laying of it, at an others Table. That debtors are in *London* close prisoners, and here haue the libertie of the house. That *Atheists* in affliction, like blind beggars, are forced to ask though they knowe not of whome. That there are (God be thanked) not two such Acres in all the Countrey, as the *Exchange* and *Westminster-Hall*. That onely Christmas Lords know theyr endes. That Women are not so tender fruite, but that they doe as well, and beare as well, vpon Beddes, as plashed against walles. That our Cartes are neuer worse employed, then when they are wayted on by Coaches. That sentences in Authors, like haires in a Horse-tayle, concurre in one roote of beautie and strength, but beeing pluckt out, one by one, serue onely for Springes and Snares. That both want and abun-

abundance, equally aduance a rectified man from the world, as cotton & stones are both good casting for an hawke. That I am sure there is none of the forbidden fruit left, because wee doe not all eate thereof. That our best three pilde mischiefe comes from beyond the sea, and rides post through the country, but his errand is to Courte. The next, to no wife and children, your owne wife and children are best pastime, anothers wife and your children worse, your wife and anothers children worst. That Statesmen hunt theyr fortunes, and are often at default: Fauorites course her, and are eue in view. That intemperance is not so vnwholesome heere, for none euer saw Sparrow sick of the poxe. That here is no trechery nor fidelity, but it is because here are no secrets. That Court motions are vp and downe; ours circular: theyrs like squibs cannot stay at the highest, nor returne to the place which they rose from, but vanish and weare out in the way. Ours like mil-wheeles, busie without changing place; they haue peremptory fortunes, we vicissitudes.

I. D.

Answere to the very Country Newes.

IT is a thought, that man is the cooke of time, and made dresser of his owne fatting. That the fiue Sences are Cinque-ports for temptation, the trafficke sinne, the Lieutenant *Sathan*, the custome-tribute, soules. That the Citizens of the high Court, grow rich by simplicitie: but those of *London* by simple craft. That life, death and time, doe with short cudgels dance the Matachine. That those which dwell vnder the *Zona Torrida*, are troubled with more dampes, then those of *Frigida*. That *Policie* and *Superstition*, hath of late her masque rent from her face, and shee is found with a wry mouth, and a stinking breath, and those that courted her hotly, hate her now in the same degree, or beyond. That nature too much louing her owne,

becomes vnnaturall and foolish. That the soule in some is like an egge, hatched by a yong pullet, who often rigging from her nest, makes hot and cold beget rottennes, which her wanton youth will not beleeue, till the faire shell being broken, the stinke appeareth to proue others, but cannot her. That those are the wise ones, that hold the superficies of vertue, to support her contrarie and all sufficient. That clemencie within and without is the nurse of rebellion. That thought of the future is retired into the country, and time present dwels at court. That liuing neere the churchyard, where many are buried of the pest, yet my infection commeth from *Spaine*, and it is feared it will disperse further into the kingdome.

A. S.

Newes to the Vniuersitie.

A Meere Scholler, is but a liue booke. Action doth expresse knowledge, better then words; so much of the soule is lost, as the body cannot vtter. To teach, should rather be an effect, then the purpose of learning. Age decaies nature, perfects Art: therefore the glory of youth, is strength of the gray head, wisedome; yet most condemne the follies of their owne infancy, run after those of the worlds, and in reuerence of antiquity will beare an old error against a new truth. *Logicke* is the *Heraldry* of arts, the array of iudgement; none it selfe, nor any science without it: where it and learning meet not, must be either a skilfull ignorance, or a wilde knowledge. Vnderstanding cannot conclude out of moode and figure. Discretion conteines *Rhetorique*; the next way to learne good words, is to learne sense; the newest *Philosophy* is soundest, the elder *Diuinitie*: *Astronomie* begins in Nature, ends in Magicke. There is no honesty of the body without health, which no man hath had since *Adam*. *Intemperance* that was the first mother of sicknes, is now the daughter. Nothing dies but qualities. No kinde in the world can perish without ruine of the whole. All parts help one another

(like States) for particular interest. So in Arts which are but translations of Nature. There is no sound position in any one, which, imagine false, there may not from it bee drawne strong conclusions, to disproue all the rest. Where one truth is granted, it may be by direct meanes brought to conforme any other controuerted. The soule and body of the first man, were made fit to be immortall together, we cannot liue to the one, but we must die to the other. A man and a Christian are two creatures. Our perfection in this World is vertue, in the next knowledge, when we shall reade the glory of God in his owne face.

Newes from Sea.

THat the best pleasure is to haue no obiect of pleasure, and vniformitie is a better prospect then varietie. That putting to Sea, is change of life, but not of condition; where risings and falles, Calmes and crosse-gales are yours, in order and by turne, fore-windes but by chaunce. That it is the worst winde to haue no winde, and that your smooth-fac'd Courtyer, deading your course by a calme, giues greater impediment, then an open aduersaryes crosse-gale. That leuitie is a vertue, for many are held vp by it. That its nothing so intricate and infinite, to rig a Ship as a Woman, and the more eyther is fraught, the apter to leake. That to pumpe the one, and shreeue the other, is alike noysome. That small faultes habituated, are as dangerous as little leakes vnfound, and that to punish and not preuent, is to labour in the pumpe, and leaue the leake open. That it is best striking saile before a Storme, and necessariest in it. That a little Time in our life is best, as the shortest cut to our Hauen is the happyest voyage. That to him that hath no Hauen, no winde is friendly; and yet it is better to haue no Hauen, then some kinde of one. That Expedition is euery where to bee bribed but at Sea. That gayne workes this myracle, to make men walke vpon the water; and that the sound of Commoditie, drownes the noyse of a Storme, especially of

an abſent one. That I haue once in my life out-gone night at Sea, but neuer darknes: and that I ſhall neuer wonder to ſee a hard World, becauſe I haue liued to ſee the Sunne a bankerout, being ready to ſtarue for cold in his perpetuall preſence. That a mans companions are (like ſhips) to be kept in diſtance, for falling foule one of another, onely with my friend I will cloſe. That the faireſt field for a running head is the Sea, where he may runne himſelfe out of breath, and his humour out of him. That I could carry you much further, and yet leaue more before then behinde, and all will be but *via Nauis*, without print or tracke, for ſo is morall inſtruction to youthes watriſh humour. That though a Ship vnder ſaile be a good ſight, yet it is better to ſee her moor'd in the Hauen. That I care not what become of this fraile Barke of my fleſh, ſo I ſaue the Paſſenger. And heere I caſt Anchor.

W. S.

Forrein Newes of the yeare 1614.

From France.

IT is deliuered from *France*, that the choyſe of friends there is as of theyr Wines, thoſe that being new, are hard and harſh, proue beſt; the moſt pleaſing are leaſt laſting. That an enemy fierce at the firſt onſet, is as a torrent tumbling downe a Mountaine; a while it beares all before it: haue but that whiles patience, you may paſſe it dry-foote. That a penetrating iudgement may enter into a mans minde by his bodies gate; if this appeare affected, apiſh, and vnſtable; a wonder if that be ſetled.

That vaine-glory, new faſhions, and the *French* diſeaſe, are vpon tearmes of quitting their Countries Allegance, to bee made free Deniſons of *England*. That the wounds of an ancient enmities haue their ſcars, which cannot be ſo wel cloſed to

the

the sight, but they will lye open to the memorie. That a Princes pleasurable vices, vshered by Authoritie, and wayted on by conniuence, sooner punish themselues by the subiects imitation, then they can be reformed by remonstrance or correction, so apt are all ill examples to rebound on them that giue them. That Kings heare truth oftener for the tellers, then theyr owne aduantage.

From Spaine.

THat the shortest cut to the riches of the *Indies*, is by theyr contempt. That who is feared of most, feares most. That it more vexeth the proude, that men despise them, then that they not feare them. That greatnesse is fruitfull enough, when other helps faile, to beget on it selfe destruction. That it is a grosse flattering of tyred cruelty, to honest it with the title of clemencie. That to eate much at other mens cost, and little at his owne, is the wholsomest and most nourishing Dyet, both in Court and Countrey. That those that are apt est to dominere ouer others, who by suffering indignities haue learned to offer them. That ambition like a silie Doue, flies vp to fall downe, it minds not whence it came, but whither it will. That euen Galley-slaues, setting light by theyr captiuitie, finde freedome in bondage. That to be slow in military businesses, is to be so courteous as, to giue the way to an enemie. That Lightning and greatnes, more feare then hurt.

From Rome.

THat the Veneall (called veniall) sinne, is to passe in the ranke of Cardinall vertues, and that those should be held henceforth his Holines beneficiall friends, that sinne vpon hope of pardon. That where Vice is a State commoditie, he is an offender that often offends not. That Iewes and Curtezans there, are as beasts that men feed, to feed on. That for an English-man to abide at *Rome*, is not so dangerous as report

makes it, since it skills not where we liue, so we take heed how we liue. That greatnes comes not downe by the way it went vp, there beeing often found a small distance betweene the highest and the lowest Fortunes. That rackt authority is oft lesse at home then abroade regarded, while things that seeme, are (commonly) more a farre off then at hand feared.

From Venice.

THat the most profitable Bancke, is the true vse of a mans selfe, whiles such as growe mouldy in idlenes, make theyr houses theyr Tombes, and dye before theyr death. That many dangerous Spirits lye buryed in theyr wants, which had they meanes to their mindes, would dare as much as those that with theyr better Fortunes ouer-top them. That professed Curtezans, if they bee any way good, it is because they are openly bad. That Frugalitie is the richest treasure of an Estate, where men feed for hunger, cloath for colde and modesty, and spend for Honour, Charity, and Safety.

From Germany.

THat the infectious vice of Drunken-good-fellowship, is like to sticke by that Nation as long as the multitude of Offendors benums the sense of offending, as that a common blot is held no staine. That discretions must be taken by weight, not by taile: who doth otherwise, shall both proue his owne too light, and fall short of his reckoning. That feare and a nice fore-cast of euery sleight danger, seeldome giues eyther faithfull or fruitfull counsell. That the Empire of *Germany*, is not more great then that ouer a mans selfe.

From the Lowe Countreyes.

THat one of the sureſt grounds of a mans libertie is, not to giue another power ouer it. That the moſt dangerous plunge whereto to put thine enemy is deſperation, while forcing him to ſet light by his owne life, thou makeſt him maiſter of thine. That neglected danger lights ſooneſt and heauieſt. That they are wiſeſt, who in the likelyhood of good, prouide for ill. That ſince pittie dwells at the next dore to miſery, he liueth moſt at eaſe that is neighboured with enuy. That the euill fortune of the warres, as well as the good is variable.

Newes from my Lodging.

THat the beſt proſpect is to looke inward. That it is quieter ſleeping in a good conſcience then a whole skin. That a ſoule in a fat body lies ſoft, and is loth to riſe. That he muſt riſe betimes who would coſen the Diuell. That *Flatterie* is increaſed, from a pillow vnder the elbow, to a bed vnder the whole bodie. That *Policie* is the vnſleeping night of reaſon. That hee who ſleepes in the cradle of ſecuritie, ſinnes ſoundly without ſtarting. That guilt is the Flea of the conſcience. That no man is throughly awaked, but by Affliction. That a hang'd Chamber in priuate, is nothing ſo conuenient, as a hang'd Traitor in publique. That the religion of *Papiſtry*, is like a curtaine, made to keepe out the light. That the life of moſt women is walking in their ſleepe, & they talke their dreames. That chambering is counted a ciuiller qualitie, then playing at tables in the Hall, though Seruing men vſe both. That the beſt bedfellow for all times in the yeere, is a good bed without a fellow. That he who tumbles in a calme bed, hath his tempeſt within. That he who will riſe, muſt firſt lye downe, and take humility in his way. That ſleepe is deaths picture drawne to Life, or the twi-light of life and death. That in

ſleepe wee kindely ſhake death by the hand, but when wee are awaked, wee will not know him. That often ſleepings are ſo many trialls to die, that at laſt wee may doe it perfectly. That fewe dare write the true newes of theyr Chamber: and that I haue none ſecret enough to tempt a ſtrangers curioſitie, or a ſeruants diſcouerie. *God giue you good Morrow.*

R. B.

Newes of my Morning worke.

THat to be good, is the way to bee moſt alone, or the beſt accompanyed. That the way to Heauen is miſtaken for the moſt Melancholy-walke. That the moſt feare the worldes opinion, more then Gods diſpleaſure. That a Court-friend ſeeldome goes further then the firſt degree of Charitie. That the diuell is the perfectſt Courtier. That innocencie was firſt cozen to man, now guiltineſſe hath the neereſt alliance. That ſleepe is deaths leger Embaſſador. That time can neuer be ſpent: wee paſſe by it and cannot returne. That none can be ſure of more time then an inſtant. That ſin makes worke for repentance or the Diuell. That patience hath more power then afflictions. That euery ones memory is diuided into two parts: the part looſing all is the Sea, the keeping part is Land. That honeſty in the Court liues in perſecution, like Proteſtants in Spaine. That predeſtination and conſtancie are alike vncertaine to be iudged of. That reaſon makes loue the Seruing-man. That vertues fauour is better then a Kings fauorite. That being ſicke begins a ſute to God, being well poſſeſſeth it. That health is the Coach which carries to Heauen, ſick-neſſe the poſt-horſe. That worldly delights to one in extreme ſickneſſe, is like a high candle to a blind man. That abſence doth ſharpen loue, preſence ſtrengthens it, that the one brings fuell, the other blowes till it burnes cleere: that loue often breakes friendſhip, that euer increaſeth loue. That conſtancy of women, and loue in men, is alike rare. That Arts is truths Iugler. That falſhood plaies a larger

ger part in the world then truth. That blind zeale and lame knowledge are alike apt to ill. That fortune is humblest where most contemned. That no porter but resolution keepes feare out of mindes. That the face of goodnes without a body is the worst wickednes. That womens fortunes aspire but by others powers. That a man with a female wit is the worst *Hermaphrodite*. That a man not worthy being a friend, wrongs himselfe by being an acquaintance. That the worst part of ignorance, is making good and ill seeme alike. That all this is newes onely to fooles.

Mris. B.

Newes from the lower end of the Table.

IT it is said among the folkes here, that if a man die in his infancy, hee hath onely broke his fast in this world: If in his youth, he hath left vs at dinner. That it is bed-time with a man at threescore and ten; and hee that liues to a hundred yeares, hath walked a mile after supper. That the humble-minded man makes the lowest curtsie. That grace before meat is our election before we were; grace after, our saluation when we are gone. The soule that halts betweene two opinions, falsoet weene two stooles. That a foole at the vpper end of the table, is the bread before the salt. He that hates to be reproued, sits in his owne light. Hunger is the cheapest sawce, and nature the cheapest guest. The sensible man & the silent woman are the best discoursers. Repentance without amendment, is but the shifting of a foule trencher. He that tels a lye to saue his credit, wipes his mouth with his sleeue to spare his napkin. The tongue of a iester is the fiddle that the hearts of the company dance too. The tongue of a foole carues a peece of his heart to euery man that sits next him. A silent man is a couered messe. The contented man onely is his owne caruer. He that hath many friends eates too much salt with his meate. That wit without discretion cuts other

men meat and his owne fingers. That the ſoule of a cholericke man ſits euer by the fire ſide. That patience is the larde of the leane meate of aduerſity. The Epicure puts his money into his belly, and the Miſer his belly into his purſe. That the beſt company makes the vpper end of the table, and not the ſalt-ſeller. The ſuperfluity of a mans poſſeſſions, is the broken meat that ſhould remaine to the poore. That the enuious keeps his knife in his hand and ſwallowes his meat whole. A rich foole among the wiſe, is a gylt empty bowle among the thirſty. Ignorance is an inſenſible hunger. The water of life is the beſt wine. He that robs me of my inuention, bids himſelfe welcome to another mans table, and I wil bid him welcome when hee is gone. The vaine-glorious man piſſeth more then hee drinkes. That no man can drinke a health out of the cup of bleſſing. To ſurfet vpon wit, is more dangerous then to want it. He that's ouercome of any paſſion is dry drunke. Tis eaſier to fill the belly of faith, then the eye of reaſon. The rich glutton is better fed then taught. That faith is the elbow for a heauy ſoule to leane on. He that ſins that he may repent, ſurfets that he may take phyſicke. He that riſeth without thankſgiuing, goes away and owes for his ordinary. He that begins to repent when he is old, neuer waſhed his hands till night. That this life is but one day of three meales, or one meale of three courſes, childhood, youth, and old age. That to ſup well, is to liue well: and that's the way to ſleepe well. That no man goes to bed till he dies, nor wakes till he is dead. And therfore

Good night to you here,
and good morrow hereafter.

I. C.

Newes from the Bed.

THat the bed is the beſt Rendevou of mankinde, and the moſt neceſſary ornament of a chamber. That Souldiers are good antiquaries in keeping the old fa hion, for the firſt bed was the bare ground. That a mans pillow is his beſt coũſeller.

That

That *Adam* lay in ſtate, when the heauen was his canopie. That the naked truth is, *Adam* and *Eue* lay without ſheetes. That they were either very innocent, very ignorant, or very impudent, they were not aſhamed the heauens ſhould ſee the lye without a couerlet. That it is likely *Eue* ſtudied Aſtronomie, which makes the poſteritie of her ſex euer ſince to lye on theyr backes. That the circumference of the bed, is nothing ſo wide as the conuex of the heauens, yet it containes a whole world. That the fiue ſences are the greateſt ſleepers. That a ſlothfull man, is but a reaſonable Dormouſe. That the ſoule euer wakes to watch the body. That a Iealous man ſleepes dog-ſleepe. That ſleepe makes no difference betweene a wiſe-man and a foole. That for all times ſleepe is the beſt bedfellow. That the diuell and miſchiefe euer wake. That loue is a dreame. That the prepoſterous hopes of ambitious men are like pleaſing dreames, fartheſt off when awake. That the bed payes *Venus* more cuſtome then all the world beſide. That if dreames and wiſhes had beene all true, there had not beene ſince Popery, one maide to make a Nun of. That the ſecure man ſleepes ſoundly, and is hardly to be awak't. That the charitable man dreames of building Churches, but ſtarts to think the vngodly Courtier will pul them downe againe. That great ſleepers were neuer dangerous in a ſtate. That there a naturall reaſon, why Popiſh Prieſts chuſe the bed to confeſſe theyr women vpõ, for they hold it neceſſary that humiliation ſhould follow ſhrift. That if the bed ſhould ſpeake all it knowes, it would put many to the bluſh. That it is fit the bed ſhould know more then paper.

R. S.

FINIS.